
Title: A Tale of Three Tribes

Author: Janet, Scribe

The dungeon known
as Despise is in fact
not a dungeon as
such, but rather a
large natural cave.
Inhospitable and
unfriendly to
visitors, it is filled
with damp spots
where the deadly
Exploding Red Spotted
Toadstool grows in
abundance.

According to the
oldest of historical
texts, in days gone
by the cave was once
the home of three
separate tribes who
had come to an
accommodation with
each other. Oddly
enough, the three
tribes were of
dragons, lizard men,
and rat men. While
today few except
extremists associated
with Lord Blackthorn
regard these latter
two as being
intelligent beings,
apparently they have
indeed fallen from a
more evolved state
over the years.

'Tis said that these
three races did dwell
in relative harmony
within the vast cave,
building when they
required it, and
trading amongst
themselves if needed.

But over time,
something happened,
and they were forced
to withdraw from

their society, until
today thou mayst
find individuals of
each species within
the dungeon, but
never again as a
civilization.

'Tis also said that
someday the three
tribes may return to
Despise, to once again
inhabit it together.

Until then, nothing
remains as token of
this save an oddly
intelligent skeleton,
magically enchanted,
that doth speak when
questions are asked,
and from whom I
obtained these tales
one day, when I was
pursued by evil
monsters and fled
into his skeletal arms.

Fortunately, I
escaped and lived to
write it all down!